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ADDRESS

Humbly inscribed to His GRACE, The

Cavendish (William)

2nd Duke of DEVONSHIRE,

LORD LIEUTENANT

OF

IRELAND.

Tres mihi conviva prope dissentire videntur

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.

Quid dem? quid non dem?

Hor. Epist. ad J. Flo.

By the Author of HAPPINESS.

Assign John Ward

D U B L I N:

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ADDRESS

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Duke of Devonshire

LORD TENANT



ADVERTISEMENT.

IN this Piece which goes under the general Name of an *Address*, the Author beginning with the first coming over of the Saxons into this Kingdom, takes Occasion of mentioning most of the remarkable Changes that have happen'd in this Government since those Days, but as he designed to give only a Poetical View and not an exact Account of the many Alterations and Rebellions that broke out, in some Places he has overlook'd the Succession of many Governours, in others of a great Number of Years, and in the rest he only gives some general Account of the then State of Affairs, every where chusing and enlarging on those Particulars which he thought most for his Purpose, however with this Consideration, that every Thing he advances is to be found in our best Historians. The Changes this Island hath undergone are very surprizing, and 'tis probable there is no Nation whatever that hath been us'd so much and so long to the Invasion of Foreigners, and the Tumults of its own Natives, whereby it hath scarce ever been free, either from the Attacks of its Enemies abroad, or its own Civil Wars at home. Most of those wonderful Events are mentioned in this *Address*, but as they are only just hinted at (for a contrary Method had made it of an immeasurable Length) and lest they should not be very intelligible to every Reader it has been thought proper to add a few Notes.



A N

A D D R E S S

T O T H E

L O R D L I E U T E N A N T.

WHILE you, my Lord, from *Britain's* Coasts retire,
And, safe on Land, *Hibernia's* Shores admire;
The Muse, still faithful to her sacred Trust,
Crowns, with due Praise, the Antient Brave and Just.
Heroes, long Dead, and Wonders raise her Theme,
Demand her Voice, and point the Road to Fame.
What various Changes, at the Word of Fate,
From Time to Time, oppress this sickly State;
How long enslav'd, and how at length made free,
She sings, unartful, yet she sings to Thee.

Accept

Accept her Tribute, be thy Favour shown;
For many Faults, let fewer Charms atone.

Here, in old Times, ere Right, or Reason sway'd,
But Tyrants aw'd and tim'rous Slaves obey'd.
The sturdy *Kerns*, as barbarous as strong,
Throve by Oppression, and grew great by Wrong.
Pales contemn'd, and *Ceres* unemploy'd,
What Nature gave, despotic Pow'r destroy'd.
The Want of Freedom, Want of Learning brought,
As *That* the Body, *This* enslav'd the Thought.
In Manners brutish, human but in Face,
Each Deed and Word bely'd the noble Race.
Without Politeness, prone to beastly Strife,
Remov'd from Sense, and Foes to civil Life,
Nor Art, nor Mercy cou'd their Acts divide,
But Force, alone, subdued the weaker Side.
Thus all, 'gainst all destructive Feuds maintain'd,
And, one dethron'd, an other Tyrant reign'd.
The abject Natives, doom'd by Pride, or Hate,
By frequent Deaths, confest the tottering State.
Then Aliens rose, the bloody *Saxons* first,
And *Edgar* rul'd victorious where he durst. (a)
But yet not long his Conquest he maintains,
Soon call'd at home to face the warlike *Danes*.
Who with the *Swedes*, in less than one fell Age,
And *Normans* joyn'd on Banno pour'd their Rage.

(a) *Edgar* the twelfth sole Monarch of *England* was the first that invaded this Kingdom, about the middle of the tenth Century. He is said to have been a Man of wonderful Virtues and Vices, and is reckoned the greatest of the *Saxon* Monarchs. He was surnamed the *Peaceable*, the Reason whereof is not very obvious, for he had eight Kings and Princes to row him over the *Dee* to *Chester*. He is said to have compassed *England* with almost an incredible Number of Ships, viz. 3600. He brought such a Terror on *Scotland* that it's King sued for Peace and paid an annual Tribute to have it confirmed, and in this Kingdom he made himself Master of *Dublin* and several other considerable Places, which is manifest by the Charter of *Oswald's Law* given by this King, Dated at *Gloucester* in 966. But being in a short Time after much pressed at home, by the *Danes*, the *English* were obliged to quit all their Acquisitions here, so that the *Irish* were again governed by their own Princes.



The Scots once loyal all their Arms withstood,
 And died this Country with *Norwegian* Blood; (b)
 At length *Turgesius* (whose immortal Name
 Hath left such Signs of his illustrious Fame)
 Just come on Shore, extends his proud Command,
 Usurps the Sway, and rules by Sea and Land.
 But great *Melachlin*, to assert his Right,
 Force adds to Force, and Prudence joyns to Might.
 To *Styx*' cold Shores the bold Invaders hurl'd;
 So late the Terror of the Western World. (c)

Turgesius dead, for a dire Length of Years
 T' infest the Isle, *Amaleus* next prepares. (d)
 Horror ensues, o'er all her wasted Plains
 Death spreads its Victims, and, triumphant, reigns.
 She saw her Sons in thousand Heaps expire,
 The destin'd Fall to Conquest, Sword, and Fire.
 Her Fanes defil'd, her Gods confest no more,
 Her ransackt Towns o'erflow'd with Native Gore.
 O'erpower'd she bent beneath Oppression's Rod,
 And with quick Steps, the Paths of Ruin trod.
 One Age run out, an other half remains
 The cruel Victim of the merciless *Danes*.

(b) The next Invasion of this Kingdom was by the *Danes*, *Swedes* and *Normans* in 795 going under the general Name of *Norwegians*. At first, they had good Success, harassing the *Irish* on several Occasions, and doing considerable Damages all over the Kingdom, which was antiently called *Banno*. But about 812 they received some Overthrows by the *Scots*, in this Kingdom, whereby Things were pretty well restored to their former Tranquility.

(c) *Turgesius* in 835 coming with a great Navy and a potent Army into *Ireland*, destroyed all *Connaught*, Part of *Leinster* and *Meath*, and in 838 a great Part of *Ulster* was also subdued by him. It was this *Turgesius* who erected those many round Works called *Danes Batts*, which are to be seen to this Day in many Places of the Kingdom. These Invaders continued ten Years here, and were then rooted out by a Stratagem of *Melachlin* King of *Meath*; whereof we shall speak hereafter, by which Means the Island was again restored to its Peace.

(d) *Amaleus*, or *Amlaenus* in 863 invested this Island with a great Force which caused a sharp and continual War for many Years. When the *Danes* had gotten footing here for about 150 Years, *Brian Boro*, in 1014 treated with most of the *Irish* petty Kings to unite all their Strength and endeavour to expel them as the public Enemies of the Kingdom. There was a bloody Battle fought between them on the 23d of April, at *Contarf* (which we suppose is the same with *Clontarf*) near *Dublin*, wherein *Brian*, his Son *Marchard*, and his Grandson *Ardeval*, with many others of Quality besides 11000 Soldiers lost their Lives.

O'er all the Land Distress and Rapine spread;
 'Twas then *Ierne* droop'd her fainting Head.
 Plung'd in Despair she fear'd her final Doom,
 A hapless Slave for ev'ry Age to come.
 Then valiant *Brian*, if Report say true,
 Thy Soul first learn'd what Mischiefs were in view.
 And, with a Patriot's glorious Warmth inspir'd,
 Soon rose to act what *Public Need* requir'd.
 To free thy Country from its Foes Alarms,
 To live in Liberty, or die in Arms.
 Long shall th' Attempt inspire the Muse's Lays,
 Encrease our Wonder, and demand our Praise.
 Sacred to Thee *Coutarf* for ever stands,
 Once the fam'd Station of thy warlike Bands.
 Who tho' o'ermatch'd, and forc'd to yield their Breath,
 Yet still victorious prove and live in Death.
 Well didst thou live such Length of Years to see,
 Well didst thou fall for Birth-right Liberty.
 Thy dying Sons, serene in Dangers, smile,
 And, with last Words, still bless their native Isle.
 No greater Theme for Praise the Muse can tell;
 In thee a Hero, King and Grandfire fell.

For various Years, each Field with Blood embrued,
 The Parties rose, subduing and subdued.
 By barb'rous Foes and faithless Friends oppress'd,
 The wearied *Island* vainly wish'd for Rest.
 And, doom'd to Slavery, wou'd gladly know
 Of all the Nations which was least its Foe.
 Love, oft with Joy, and oft with Trouble bound,
 Uncertain Love a ready Method found.

Love, useful once, that slew *Turgesius*' Race,
 Now, chang'd, but added to the Isle's Disgrace. (e)
Dermont, tho' vex'd with Wars and deadly Strife
 To ease his Lust, must take his Equal's Wife.
 Oh ! Fact accurst, what Tears of Blood were shed !
 With what dire Haste unhappy *Dermont* fled !
 Why must he, rash, a Stranger's Aid implore,
 Nor sooner die than leave his native Shore ?
 Oh Thing resolv'd, oh fixt Decree of Fate,
 That B A N N O thence shou'd grace the *British* State.

Now, twice three hundred Times, the radiant Sun
 His Course hath finish'd, since that Change begun.

(e) *Turgesius* (says *Giraldus Cambrensis*) having fallen in love with the Daughter of *Melachlin* King of *Meath*, her Father by that Means found an Opportunity of killing him and extirpating the whole Race of Foreigners. Love therefore in this Place is called *useful*, but in Regard to what follows of Love's adding to the Isle's Disgrace, the Affair stands thus. *Dermont*, King of *Leinster*, having committed a Rape on the Wife of *O Rork* King of *Brefinia*, was forced at last to fly into *England*, and from thence into *Aquitain* where *Henry* 2d was at that Time very busy. King *Henry* granted Letters Patents to *Dermont*, which are to be seen in the above mentioned Author in his *Hibernia Expugnata*, l. i. c. i. with leave to any of his Subjects throughout his Dominions to pass into *Ireland* for *Dermont*'s Assistance. Among many others *Richard Strongbow*, Earl of *Strigul* or *Pembrook* came over. This valiant Person landed at *Waterford*, and was there married to *Dermont*'s Daughter. Some say that he was buried there also, and for the Truth hereof they show in the North-Corner of the East End of the Cathedral of that City a Tomb-stone, about six foot long, out of which is carved a Man lying on his Back, dressed in Compleat Armour, his right Hand resting upon his Thigh and the other holding a Broad sword. His Head is placed towards the West and his Feet rest upon the Back of a Dog. Over his Feet there was formerly a Font for Holy War, but it is now broke to Pieces. The Rest of the Work is still very perfect, but there is no Inscription on it. The Side-stone has six of the Apostles cut upon it, all done very lively, particularly *St. Peter* who holds in his right Hand two Keys, and also an other Representation which they take for *St. John*; Others maintain that he lies buried in *Patrick*'s Church *Dublin*, but be that as it will, 'tis certain his Ambition prompted him to be King of all *Ireland*, but *Henry* prevented it, who however gave him his Father in Law's Kingdom of *Leinster*. The Beginning of this Adventure is by some told otherwise in Respect to the Names used. Some will have the Aggressor's Name to be *Dermot Fitzmurchard*, or *Mac-morrogh*, and others to be *Dormat Macmahur*. Some will have it that the Lady abused was not the Wife of *O Rork* King of *Brefinia*, but of *Morice*, King of *Meath*. Of the two last Opinions particularly is *Mr. Seller*, who was Hydrographer to King *William*: This Author relates that when *Dermont* went into *England* *Henry* was then there and had agreed to his Proposals, having first of all obtained, or rather purchased Leave from Pope *Adrian* for his intended Expedition, and with this Proviso besides that he would bring this Kingdom to an Acknowledgment of the See of *Rome*; That the King himself was preparing for the Undertaking, but his Presence being wanted in *Normandy*, he was obliged to defer it for that Time; and that *Dermont* taking the Advantage of the King's Absence, with the Help of the Letters Patents, solicited many of the Nobles and in particular engaged *Richard* the King's Son, by promising him his Daughter in Marriage; that Prince *Richard* did come over, and was afterwards recall'd by his Father who was very angry with the Nobility for letting the Prince come over in his Absence. But this whole Affair may be seen in a clearer Light in *Girald. Camb.* who was Histriographer and Secretary to King *Henry* II.

That Change which gave to *Dermont* what he fought,
 Yet ne'er atton'd for half the Ills it brought.
 Whose great Successes, whose enduring Fame
 At first arose from mighty *Strongbow's* Name.
 Who, true to HENRY, his Commands obey'd,
 Fought for his Glory, for his Praise dismay'd,
 And for his Pains, that Regal Cor'net wore,
 Which the false Head of *Dermont* grac'd before.

Muse, unrecorded, pass a Length of Times,
 Too trite for Verse, too dissonant for Rhimes.
 'Till to our View, with anxious Thoughts, appear
 The various Evils of the *Difmal Year*. (f)
 Then Nature rag'd, the Elements combin'd,
 And Rain, and Famine aided Humankind.
 The Heav'ns, above, the Foreigners below,
 With equal Zeal, their warmest Hatred show.
 And, to compleat at once the Isle's Distress,
 Then *Poyning* reign'd, inglorious in Success.
Poyning, by all the injur'd Natives curst,
 Then brutal reign'd, tyrannic where he durst.
 A Nation's Rights and Nature's Laws betray'd,
 And, Children's Children, by his Deeds, enslav'd.
 Tremendous Thought! cou'd common Reason fly!
 Justice subside, and Passion mount so high!

(f) The Year 1491 was called in *Ireland* the *Difmal Year*, on Account of the continual Rains that fell all the Summer and Autumn, insomuch that there was hardly any Corn in the Kingdom; and in the next, they were put into a new Ferment by *Perkin Warbec*, a Pretender to the Crown of *England*, sent over by the Dutches's Dowager of *Burgundy*. In two Years after, that memorable Law was pass'd, call'd *Poyning's Act*, by Sir *Edward Poyning* Lord Deputy of *Ireland* in the 10th of *Henry* 7th. whereby the public Statutes in *England* should be received also in *Ireland*, that for the future no Parliament shou'd be called in *Ireland* without transmitting or yielding Reasons for calling the same, under the great Seal of *Ireland*, to the King and Council, in *England*, and that such Acts as shou'd be pass'd in *Ireland* must have the King's Approbation, together with the King's Leave always under the great Seal of *England*, to summon a Parliament in *Ireland*.

Muse, urge thy Progress, quit the guilty Theme ;
 Let public Censure brand his odious Name,
 To brave *Kildare*, apply thy gen'rous Lays,
 Whom Heav'n it self so oft conspir'd to raise. (g)
 Valour and Mercy all his Deeds divide,
 Success his End, and Providence his Guide.
 So much his Guide, a Miracle must show
 Not ev'n *one Wound* is sent from all the Foe.
 Here Numbers fly, there Thousands gasping yield,
 Nor yet one Drop of *English* Blood bedies the verdant Field.

Surrey, forgive if to thy Mem'ry true,
 One Verse attempts to celebrate thy Due. (h)

(g) *Gerald*, Earl of *Kildare*, three Times Lord Deputy of this Kingdom, being charged with Mismanagement by Sir *Edward Poyning*, in Respect to *Perkin's* Affair was carried over to *England* and tried, but he very honourably acquitted himself; he was afterwards in 1496 constituted Lord Lieutenant, and in the suppressing of some Commotions made by the *Clanrickards* and *Thomonds*; behaved himself so well; that he put them to flight, with the Loss of 2000 of their Men; without so much as one *Englishman* being wounded in the Battle.

(h) *Thomas*, eldest Son of *Thomas Duke of Norfolk*, was by far the most able and gallant Man of his Time. He commanded in one of the Ships that took Sir *Andrew Barton* the *Scottish* Pyrate; He accompanied the Marquess of *Dorset* into *Spain*, and afterwards commanded the *English* Army, against the *French*. He was constituted Lord high Admiral of *England*. He obtained that remarkable Victory over the King of *Scots*, at *Flodden Field*, wherein the King, 12 Earls, a Bishops, 14 Lords and 12000 men were slain. He was afterwards appointed Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland* and suppressed the *O Neals*, and *O Carols*, tho' at the Head of 4000 Horse and 12000 Foot.

He was afterwards made Lord high Treasurer of *England*, and Captain General of the King's whole Army, and all this in his Father's Life-time. He was afterwards sent Ambassador into *France*, and appointed Earl Marshal of *England*, and Viceroy of *Ireland*, and was Knight of the Garter. Yet after all these great Services and honourable Charges, his Enemies interposed between him and the King, upon whom they so far prevailed that the Duke and his Son *Henry Earl of Surry* were by his Order sent Prisoners to the Tower, had their Goods seized, and were afterwards attainted, unjustly, in Parliament of Treason. His Son lost his Head, and the Death of the King prevented the Duke's sharing the same Fortune, who was afterwards discharged from Prison by Queen *Mary* Anno 1553. The Earl of *Surry* here said to have been beheaded was Father to that immortal *Henry Howard*, Earl of *Surry* whose Estate and Honours, together with those of his three Sisters, were restored to them by Queen *Elizabeth*. He was a Person highly esteemed for his Learning, and had the most compleat Library for a Poet, in *Europe*. He was said to be the most learned among the Nobility and the most noble among the learned. He was buried in an ancient Chapel in the Castle at *Dover*. The Author of this Address having had an Occasion of mentioning this *Henry Howard*, who is looked upon as one of the first Reformers of the *English* Poetry, has the following Lines in a Piece entitled, *A View of the Poets*, inscribed to Mr. *Dalacourt*; which will be published, in a few Months.

Immortal *Surry* blest that gen'rous Age,
 And felt alike the Bard and Hero's Rage;
 In Fields of Honour, and in Courts of Fame;
 Able in War in Gallantry the same.
 The Tribune's Lawrels deck'd the Consuls Gown;
 And doubly cloath'd him with a just Renown:

To thy great Shade, those deathless Honours pay,
 Which well you won by many a dreadful Day.
 Trembling *O Neal* still fears thy glorious Name,
 For *Wit* and *Might*, for ever dear to Fame:
 Then HENRY first the *happy Change* begun,
 Which, spite of Foes, thro' Length of Times, hath run.
 To chear the *Faithful*, raise the *Church's* Hope,
 To fly from *Guilt*, *Perdition*, and the *Pope*.
 Once more on Earth, t'extend a SAVIOUR'S Name,
 And own but *his* UNERRING and SUPREME,
 HENRY begun, but not to Fulness brought,
 Those great Designs, as careful as he ought.
 On his bright Acts, some darksome Deeds attend,
England shou'd censure much, but more commend.
Ireland no more, her antient Name retain'd,
 But the new Title of a Kingdom gain'd.

See EDWARD rise, behold the Godlike Youth,
 Renown'd for Learning, Fortitude and Truth.
 An infant King, who, Pattern to Mankind,
 His Father's Virtues fought, his Vices left behind.
 By *Cranmer* taught, the true Religion rose,
 In spite of Hell, and Death, and *Roman* Foes.
 The *Irish* then, indocile to receive
 The better Means, which Truth and *Edward* gave.
 Ev'n to themselves, themselves betray'd, and spilt
 Their native Gore. Th' Effect of conscious Guilt.

Edward alas! our Hope must short remain,
 But yield the Throne to bloody Mary's Reign. (i)
 Bloody indeed! an artful, Tyrant Queen!
 O'er all the Land are Human Victims seen.
 False to a Father's, and a Brother's Laws,
 From a sweet Fount, a bitter Draught she draws.
 Cruel and proud, she, with a Vengeance, shows
 What curst Ills an injur'd God bestows.
 Angelic Cranmer then adorn'd the Flames,
 Who drank pure Hope from Faith's un sullied Streams,

(i) Henry VIII. was the first that begun the happy Reformation in the Church of England, at least so as to make it universal, for even in the Time of Edgar before mentioned, there were some Tracks that seem'd to lean towards this Way. Thus some Divines of Oxford University were branded in the Cheek and banished for affirming "the Church of Rome to be the Whore of Babylon, Monckery an offensive Contagion. Their Vows of Celibacy an Encouragement to Sodomy" and other Uncleannesse. But Edward VI. made a much greater Progress in this Matter. Images and Statues were cast out of the Churches; the Clergy allowed to marry; The Liturgy turned into English; the Sacrament administered in both Kinds; auricular Confession abrogated; the Scriptures permitted publicly to be read in English, and praying for the dead silenced. He was a Prince (take his Character in Sellar's Words) exceeding pious, and learned to a Miracle, considering his Years, in Latin, Greek, French, Italian, Spanish; Music and Logic. He died in the 16th Year of his Age and is said to have used this Ejaculation a very short Time before his Departure. "O Lord God, save thy chosen People of England: O my Lord God, defend this Realm from Popery, and maintain thy true Religion, that I and my People may praise thy holy Name." In his Reign one George Paris, a German, was burned in Smithfield for Arianism. Nevertheless all the good that Edward did, was entirely reversed by Mary, his Successor and half Sister. This Queen caused to be disannull'd all the Laws enacted in the Reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. against Popery. She restored the Book of the bloody Articles, which her Predecessor had abrogated; and in all Things endeavoured to conform the Nation to the See of Rome, which she did with a Vengeance, banishing, beheading and burning all that resisted. Upon a Civil Account she caused to be put to Death the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk, Ld. Guilford Dudley, Ld. Thomas Gray and others, and, who was most lamentable, the Lady Jane Gray, not 17 Years of Age, yet endow'd with all Accomplishments of Mind and Body. And in this short Reign, upon a religious Account, there were consumed by the Flames, Arch-Bishop Cranmer, 4 Bishops, 21 Divines, 8 Gentlemen, 20 Widows, and 26 Wives, besides many others, who all suffered Martyrdom for the true Faith. Ridley and Latimer two Protestant Bishops were bound to the Stake, in Oxford, the latter rejoicing much that the Pleasure of God was such that being near eighty Years of Age, he shou'd have so happy a Period as Martyrdom, while Cranmer from his Prison beheld the dismal Sight, and on his Knees was praying that their Faith and Constancy might not fail in that their fiery Tryal. When Cranmer's whole Body was consumed, his Heart was found whole and unsinged by the Fire, in which, it was said, God, by a Miracle, gave Testimony of his Innocence. In the Persecutions of those Times we meet with two very remarkable Adventures, one of Bigotry and Revenge, and the other of a most execrable Cruelty. In Edward's Reign Martin Bucer, Paulus Phagius and Peter Martyr, three learned German Divines came into England to preach up the Reformation. But the two former died in a short Time, yet when Mary came to the Crown the Zeal and Madnes of the Papists were such, that their Bodies were dug up, accused of Heresy and burned in the Market-Place in Cambridge, tho' they had lain in the Earth a long Time. And in the Isle of Guernsey, a Woman, as she was burning, had a Child sprung out of her Womb, which the cruel Torturers took up and threw into the Flames. In short, of all Ages and Sexes, there were 277 suffered Death; 16 perished in Prisons, 12 were buried in Dunghills, and some hundreds fled beyond Sea. Yet in the End few, or none of those heavy Persecutors escaped God's Vengeance, most of them coming to miserable and untimely Deaths. Some were publicly executed for their Crimes, others wandered abroad, and some were eaten up by Vermin.

And other Prelates, who resign'd their Breath,
Beyond all Pain, above the Pow'r of Death.

Too good for Earth, to Heav'n their Spirits fled,
Zealots alive, and glorious Martyrs dead.
Stop, grateful Muse, and o'er one wretched Urn,
With solemn Grief, ill-fated *Guilford* mourn.

Hear in his Voice, a Son, a Husband call,
See in his Death, a Wife and Father fall.
Spread o'er their Urns thy fond, thy drooping Wing;
" Be thine, their long-due Obsequies to sing. "

Jane Gray demands, a sacred Sound ! who fears
To crown with Praise, or wash her Grave with Tears ?
Blest with all Merit, Virtue, Beauty, Youth,
Wit, Wisdom, Learning, Piety and Truth.
Yet die, fair Saint, and, by thy Falling, show,
Thy greater Soul can scorn the World below.
Soon, from her Head, shall *Mary's* Crown depart,
And Heav'n's just Hands reward her merciless Heart.

Eliza, next, the *British* Sceptre sway'd ;
By Friends, almost, ador'd, by Foes obey'd.
Great *Edward's* Maxims, wisely, she pursued,
And, all Opposers to his Laws, subdued.
Thence rose *Hibernia's* Church, but thence the slain
In dismal Prospect load the purple Plain.
The thoughtless Isle, unconscious of its Good,
With ill-judg'd Force, *Eliza's* Arms withstood.
In frequent Tumults and Rebellions rose,
'Till valiant *Sidley* quell'd his Sov'reign's Foes.
'Till *Desmond*, stript of all his Pow'r and Fame,
To a mean Fate and everlasting Shame,
With fruitless Cries, a Sacrifice became.

Till great *Tyrone*, such Years of Horror past
 And Numbers slain, was forc'd to yield at last. (k)
 The thousands dead, the Land must still deplore,
 The worn out Isle ne'er felt the like before.

But see, once more, ev'n from the Depth of Night,
Hibernia rise, and, smiling, blest our Sight.
 From learned *James* commenc'd her happier Years ;
Mars rul'd no more, *Minerva* sway'd the Spheres.
 And gay *Pomona*, with her Chaplets bound,
 O'er Lawns, and Plains, and Hills, and Bogs, was found ;
 And white rob'd Peace pursued a joyful Round.
 The gladsome Isle, with happy Labour blest,
 Built Towns, made Laws, and public Joy confest.
 Lands it manur'd, and late where Ruin reign'd,
 Pleasure and Gain their equal Charms maintain'd,
 Thus flew the Years, twice twenty rol'd away ;
 Like summer Fruit they flourish, then decay.
 For *Forty-one* a dismal Aspect wears ; (l)
 O'er the whole Realm, how ghastly Discord stares!

D

What

(k) Queen *Elizabeth*, called in Derision by the *Popish* Party, the Hope of Heretics, upon her mounting the Throne restored all Things to the happy Situation they were in, in *Edward's* Time. And in this Kingdom she thoroughly established the Reformation. Yet she met with violent Opposition both abroad, and at home. And in *Ireland* there were more Rebellions broke out in her Reign than in any preceding one. *Shane O'Neal* in 1563 rose up in Arms; burned the Cathedral of *Armagh*, and lay'd Siege to *Dundalk*; but Sir *Henry Sydney*, Lord Deputy, broke his Forces in Battle and quash'd that Insurrection. After this, in 1579 the Earl of *Desmond* invited the *Spaniards* over, who possessed themselves of several Places, but were, at length, quite beaten out, and the Earl himself being reduced to great Straits, lived some Time upon stealing of Cattle; but the Governor of *Castle-Mauge*, having sent out a Party to scour the Woods, one *Kelly*, an *Irishman*, upon spying a Light in a Cabbin, by Night, went in, and finding only an old Man by the Fire, he gave him two Wounds, tho' he cried, "save me, I am the Earl of *Desmond*," which put an End to this Rebellion also. But in 1595 *Hugh O'Neal*, Earl of *Tyrone*, took up Arms openly, brought the *Spaniards*, again, over, and seized upon *Kinsale*, but in the Year 1603 the *Spaniards* were totally expelled and thereby an End put to this War, which had lasted eight Years. Queen *Elizabeth* dying before the Conclusion of it, *Tyrone* was carried into *England* to King *James I.* who pardoned him.

(l) The Year 1641, appears very remarkable and dismal in History, on Account of a horrid Conspiracy and Rebellion that broke out then in *Ireland*, which was discovered to the Lords Justices, by one *Owen O'Conolly*, a Protestant, who had learned the Design from one *Hugh McMahon*, but the very Night before it was to be put in Execution, *Dublin* and some other Places were secured,

What curst Rebellions give the dread alarm?
 What foul Designs the base Conspirators arm?
 Cou'd such dire Thoughts from mild Religion spring?
 Cou'd honest Zeal such fatal Mischiefs bring?
 Cou'd *Papal* Love, howe'er exalted, cause
 Such Breach of Trust, such Breach of Honour's Laws?
 View and decide. See Children, Parents die;
 Hear, to a Wife's last Groans, a Husband's last reply.
 See sucking Babes, from faithful Mothers, torne;
 See Christ's true Heirs, from Church, to Prison borne.
 See upright *King*, adorn'd with Grace and Truth,
 Feel all their Malice, yet a blameless Youth.
 Think of all Rage, all Cruelty, all Spight,
 Think of all Pains, then judge the *Papist* right.
 Yet, mid Destruction, did some Hopes appear;
 Those, still are blest, whom Heav'n vouchsafes to spare.
 ALL MUST NOT FALL ----- So spake the Voice of Fate.
 A few escap'd, and thence retriev'd the State.
 Victorious *Cromwel*, on whose gen'rous Deeds,
 Tho' some be bad, th' unbiass'd Muse proceeds.
 Next, to this Isle, in search of Glory, came;
 And public Praise rewards his deathless Name.
 Mid Blood and Conquest, yet pure Mercy sway'd:
 He spar'd the Sons, whose Fathers disobey'd.

red, but the Rebellion was carried on with such a Rage and Fury by the Encouragement of the *Papish* Priests, Monks and Fryars, that nothing but Slaughter and miserable Cruelties were to be seen on the *English* and *Scots*, in most of the Provinces; the Priests loudly declaring that they were Heretics and ought to be rooted out of the Earth; that it was no more Sin to kill them, than Dogs, but a mortal one to relieve and protect them; giving the Sacrament to divers, that they shou'd spare neither Men, Women, nor Children. And they were told that if any of them were killed in the Attempt, they should immediately go to Heaven; so that nothing but bloodshed and piteous Cries were to be seen and heard in most Parts of this Kingdom: *William King*, late Archbishop of *Dublin*, is a standing Monument of Constancy and Religion, who amid all the Pains and Disgraces he suffered for Conscience-sake, still remained stedfast to the true Faith, and every Day preached it up. King *Charles* apply'd to the *Scots* Parliament to send over Forces, but they refused him, and the Parliament of *England* being too slow in their Succours, above 200,000 of all Sorts fell in that unparallel'd Massacre.

And

And good, like Heav'n, to Man's unworthy Race,
What they'd not show, he show'd with chearful Face.

But soon again, *Hibernia's* Genius rose,
Too blest with Ease, too factious to repose.
Unhappy *James*, who did not what he ought,
On the poor Isle, a thousand Mischiefs brought.
The *Love of God*, again misunderstood
Now drench'd the Land in purple Streams of Blood.
Despotic Pow'r, and Slavery mounted high,
The wretched People weep their Ruin nigh.
And all their Wealth, and better Freedom lost,
Their Tyrant King they succour to their Cost.
But Heav'n beheld, and promis'd happier Days,
And *William* sent the sacred Son of Praise.
William, great Name, whom even his Foes commend;
An honest Monarch, and a gen'rous Friend.
Success and Valour, with a social Mein,
Still aid his Acts, and ne'er are sep'rate seen.
Witness, pale Death! with sad Assurance, tell
At *William's* Feet, what hapless Thousands fell.
What Havoc's seen! how Horror spreads its Way!
Boyne's purple Waves ran groaning to the Sea:
Boyne's glorious Sound outvies ev'n *Xanthus' Name*;
Too great for Praise, too great for *Simois' Fame*.
Yet must her Streams, in grateful Murmurs, mourn
The unhop'd Rites of one disastrous Urn.
Perpetual Tears encrease her Floods, and tell,
On her curst Banks immortal SCHOMBERG fell.
Yet, from that Day *Hibernia's* Welfare rose;
Nor, alter'd since, still more conspicuous grows.

Descending Peace attends her happier Years,
 And, o'er her Lands, fair Liberty appears.
 Oppressive *James*, unable to withstand
 The matchless Force of *William's* righteous Hand.
 Disgrac'd, retir'd, and, rul'd by Meanness still,
 Forsook the Throne he had not Worth to fill.

Great *William* dead, next *Wit-requiting* ANN,
 O'er the blest Isle, her happy Reign began.
 To her glad Times, succeeded *George's* Days,
 Who both conspired *Hibernia's* Fame to raise.

Now rests the Isle, her Race of Troubles run ;
 With joy she ends, what she with Sighs begun.
 And all her Cares, and dire Rebellions past ;
 On *George's* Breast she calmly leans at last.

Review, my Lord, each Change, that, thus, appears
 In the large Compass of eight hundred Years.
 Think what dire Evils tore th' unhappy State,
 Like *Delos* tost amid the Waves of Fate.
 Hear, much confus'd, a wretched Nation's Cries,
 Then think what Charms from Liberty arise.
 And let one gen'rous, silent Tear deplore
 Those abject Realms, that Tyrants still adore.

With what true joy we hail'd the happy Day,
 That safely brought you o'er the western Sea !
 Good tho' a Viceroy, tho' a Stranger, known,
 Fond of all Merit, modest to your own.
 Carest at sight, no sooner seen than lov'd ;
 Mild to all Parties, by all Men approv'd.

A Foe to Av'rice, Ignorance, and Scorn;
 Not graced by Virtue, Virtue you adorn.
 Above all Passion, free from inward Strife;
 Awful in State, and good in private Life.
 Whose Worth, not Grandeur doth our Tribute raise,
 Our utmost Gratitude, ev'n public Praise.
 Praise, but not Flattery ----- to Justice true,
 For once, a Nation pays an honest Due.
 Her *Prince*, her *Guardian*, her *belov'd*, her *all*
 She calls you now, and *long* she hopes to call.
 For you, she joys; for you, her Poets sing;
 In you, my Lord, she views her absent King.
 Oh! hear her Voice, maintain thy glorious Name,
 And think *her* Cause, and *Albion's* Cause the same.
 As *Titus* good, as *Antoninus* just,
 Preserve *this Country*, yet fulfil thy Trust.
 Think of past Times, immortal --- see,
 Freedom's true Friend, Oppression's Enemy;
 Tho' dead in Law, alive in Virtue still;
 Justly disgrac'd at home, abroad he acts no Ill.
 --- behold, and in his hapless Fame
 For ever damn one guilty Prelate's Name;
 Oh! think, my Lord, tho' now his Race is run,
 His former Days beheld a brighter Sun.
 Think he was, once, poor *Ireland's* faithful Friend,
 To aid with Councils, or with Arms defend.
 Her first born Hope, whose *Jove-like*, sacred Nod,
 She still obey'd, and almost deem'd him God.
 Learning's Support; the Glory of the nine;
 The Son of Praise; a Character divine.

His gen'rous Deeds a DRYDEN'S Voice inspir'd;
 A DRYDEN sung what all his Deeds requir'd.
 Think of all this, and with a conscious Sigh
 Aspire, my Lord, to O----'s tow'ring Height.
 Hear, on your Name, a Nation's Welfare call;
 See, at your Feet, the sacred Muses fall.
 Cherish the Muses, bid fair Learning rise,
 And, spight of Faction, only court the Wise.
 Thence all the Sisters shall adore thy Name,
 And future DRYDEN'S consecrate thy Fame.

Of Trade devoid, of Sciences bereft;
 One or two Arts to us, are all that's left:
 And even these are hast'ning to Decay;
 Arise, my Lord, and drive our Cares away.
 See *Ireland* sick amidst her greatest Health,
 Too much of Grandeur, with too little Wealth;
 Give to the Isle, with ever chearful Toil,
 T'improve the Pastures, to manure the Soil;
 These Lands to plow, those uselefs Bogs to drain;
 There, Bridges build; here, sow the teeming grain;
 Now, Fanes repair: now, public Roads extend;
 Here, Cities found, and there, the Herds attend.
 Give to the Poor, oppress'd by Want, to know
 What sure Reliefs from Peace, and Labour flow.
 Our Fields t'enclose, our Manufactures raise;
 And serve their Country in a thousand Ways.
 Still serve their Isle, and, faithful to Command,
 Purpose no more to leave their native Land.

Still see, my Lord immortal in Applause,
 The blest Effects of sacred Freedom's Laws.
 In thy own *Britain* all its Charms behold ;
 Those Charms, which *Britain* never gave, nor sold.
 And while o'er Parliaments you here preside,
 With no mean Views, no sordid Hopes, or Pride ;
 Support our Liberties, our Wants deplore ;
 And, all the Blessings lost, endeavour to restore.
 Incite to Good, and all restrain from Ill ;
 And, tho' a Viceroy, be a Patriot still.
 What *Dorset* did, preserve my Lord, in view ;
 With honest Zeal his virtuous Paths pursue.
 Hear a whole Nation bless his sacred Name ;
 Observe each Deed and practise thou the same. (m)
 Rash Muse, forbear—suspend thy wand'ring Flight,
 Still in each Act shall DEVONSHIRE be right.
 Whate'er you wish, his faultless Life shall do ;
 To Justice, Wit, and Freedom ever true.

(m) Lest any one should imagine that what is here said of our late Lord Lieutenant be not sufficient to express the Thanks that this Nation owes him, for his great Care and Regard for it, the Author takes Notice of the Affair himself, and wou'd not have been so very brief in the mentioning of him, at this Time, could he have avoided falling upon the same Thoughts which he used immediately upon his Grace's leaving the Kingdom, in the *View of the Poets* above mentioned, and which are as follows, (speaking of the late Earl of *Dorset*.)

Such once was DORSET——but his Journey done,
 The wond'ring World adore his rising Son ;
 The Parent's Virtues, in the Offspring trace,
 And see new Honours in the Godlike Race.

Fatigu'd with Toil, while you, my Lord, explore,
 Your native Realm and leave *Hibernia's* Shore.
 If still your Ear can bear the Muse's Lays,
 Accept the Tribute of a Nation's Praise,
 Whose Pray'rs and Sighs conduct you o'er the Main ;
 Joy in your Health, yet grieve your absent Reign.

Long may great CAVENDISH enjoy Command
 O'er *Ireland's* Isle, and cheer a weeping Land.
 This Verse I consecrate, a solemn Vow ;
 What DORSET was may DEVONSHIRE be now.

Still Ease and Rest shall bless his prosp'rous Days ;
 His Acts be crown'd with universal Praise.
 Still shall he live, (your faithful Plight, I trust,)
 Unhurt by Death, immortal in the Dust.
 And Ages hence, when all our Noise is o'er,
 When Honours, Profit, Grandeur are no more.
 When Titles, Pensions, Pride and Pow'r shall fall,
 And the whole World obey Destruction's Call.
 When Wealth, nor Birth their wretched Lords shall save,
 But Kings and Slaves be equal in the Grave;
 Eternal joy shall bless his righteous Name,
 And *earthly Praise* be lost in HEAVENLY FAME.

FINIS

